Mountain, the so-called " battle above the clouds "—had not an unexpected mixing of General Hooker's troops with other commands transferred us from Lookout Mountain to Chattanooga. But as it was, we could only watch it from afar as during the afternoon the little puffs of smoke enlivened the brush on the rugged mountain slope, and after dark the musketry flickered through it like swarms of fireflies. The steady advance of our fire-line in this spectacular fashion greatly cheered the whole army. Late the same afternoon I received an order from General Grant to support the forces on my right and left in case of an attack, but, unless myself attacked, to do nothing that might bring on a general engagement. As there was nothing but slight skirmishing in my front and that of my neighbors, this order was easily executed. The night passed quietly. At sunrise the next day, the 25th of November, I was ordered to drive the enemy out of his rifle pits in my front, which was done with ease.

But it was by no means intended that our corps should remain without serious work in the battle. On the contrary, an important part had been assigned to us in what was to be the decisive movement. But again accident doomed us to comparative inactivity.

It was General Grant's plan that Sherman should assault the extreme right of Bragg's army placed on the northern end of Missionary Ridge at Tunnel Hill, and then

drive the enemy from the flank out of his position on the crest. Sherman did succeed in crossing the Tennessee River at the appointed place on the right of the enemy, and in dislodging the rebel forces from the heights immediately before him; but advancing, he discovered to Ms chagrin that the heights he had carried were separated from the enemy's strong position on Tunnel Hill by a deep and precipitous ravine which was a very serious